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SONGS,
DUETS AND CHORUSES,
IN
THE TURNPIKE GATE,
A COMIC OPERA,
IN TWO ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,
NOVEMBER 14th, 1799.

The MUSIC by MAZZINGHI and REEVE,
The OVERTURE by REEVE.

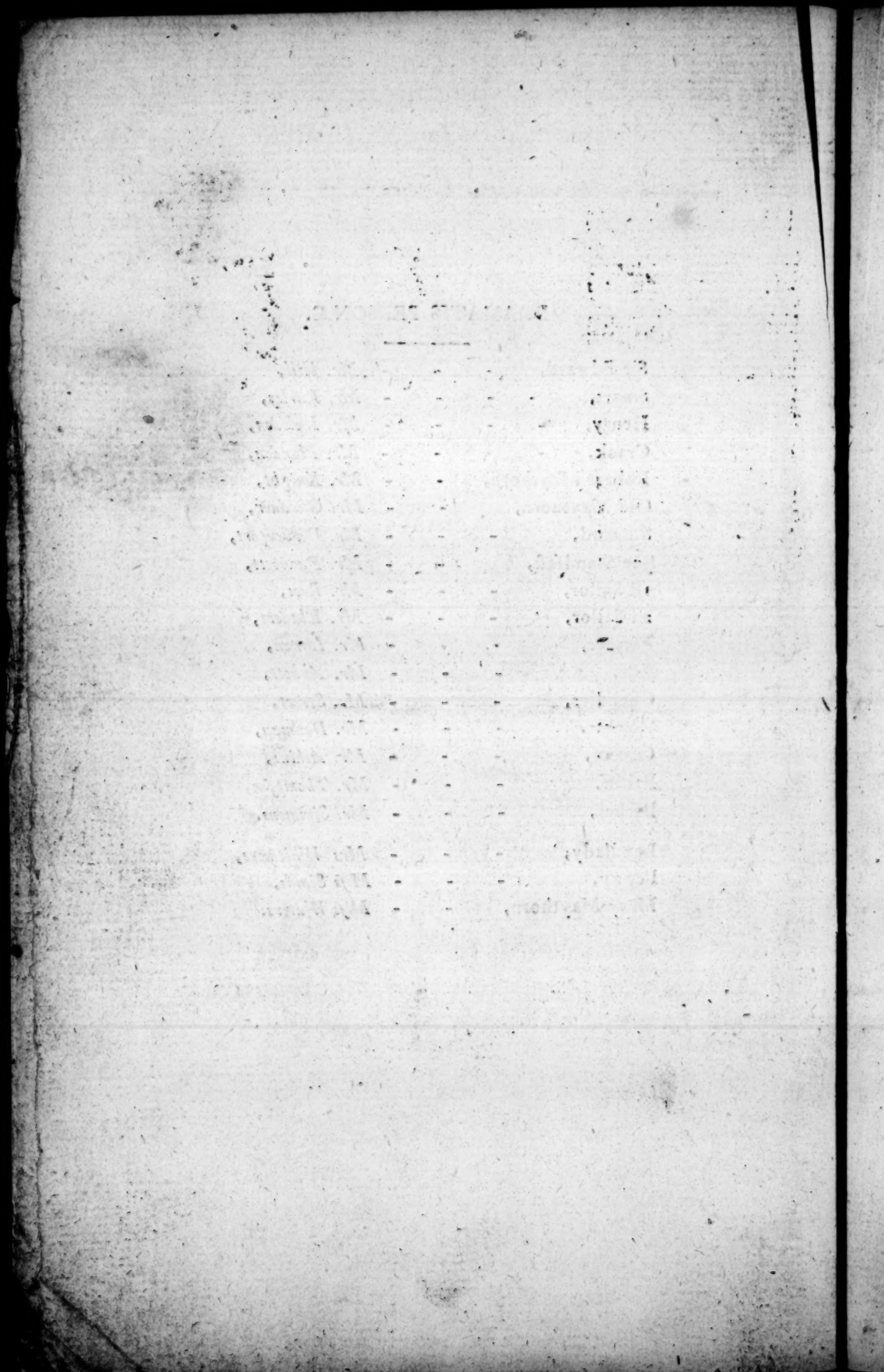
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THEATRE.

1799.

[Price Sixpence.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Edward,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Hill,</i>
Smart,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Farley,</i>
Henry,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Incledon,</i>
Crack,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Munden,</i>
Robert Maythorn,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Knight,</i>
Old Maythorn,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Gardner,</i>
Steward,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Davenport,</i>
Joe Standfast,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Fawcett,</i>
1st Sailor,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Rees,</i>
2d Sailor,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Klanert,</i>
Farmer,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Linton,</i>
Jew,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Abbott,</i>
Chandler,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Street,</i>
Servant,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Denman,</i>
Groom,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Atkins,</i>
Bailiff,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Thompson,</i>
Barber,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
Landlady,	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Whitmore,</i>
Peggy,	-	-	-	<i>Miss Simms,</i>
Mary Maythorn,	-	-	-	<i>Miss Waters.</i>



SONGS, &c.

2^d Pl.

ACT I.

W

SONG.—PEGGY.

(Composed by REEVE.)

PRAY, young man, your suit give over,
Heaven design'd you not for me ;
Cease to be a whining lover,
Sour and sweet can ne'er agree :
Clownish in each limb and feature,
You've no skill to dance or sing ;
At best you're but an awkward creature,
I, you know, am quite the thing.

II

As I soon may roll in pleasure,
 Bumpkins I must bid adieu;
 Can you think, that such a treasure,
 E'er was destin'd, man, for you?
 No,—mayhap when I am carried,
 'Mongst the great to dance and sing;
 To some great lord I may be married,
 All allow—I'm quite the thing.

III

Beaux to me will then be kneeling,
 “Ma'am, I die if you don't yield,”
 Let 'em plead their tender feeling,
 While my tender heart is steel'd;
 When I dance, they'll be delighted,
 Ravish'd quite to hear me sing,
 At routs, whenever I'm invited,
 All will swear—I'm quite the thing!

(9)

SONG.—JOE.

(Composed by REEVE.)

N^o 2

BRITANNIA'S sons at sea,
In battle always brave;
Strike to no pow'r, d'ye see,
That ever plough'd the wave.
Fal lal la &c.

But when we're not afloat,
'Tis quite another thing;
We strike to Petticoat,
Get groggy, dance and sing.
Fal, lal &c.

II

There's Portsmouth Polly, she,
When forc'd to go a shore;
Vow'd constancy to me,
And sometimes twenty more.
Fal lal &c.

But give poor Poll her due,
For truth's a precious thing;
With none but Sailors true,
Wou'd she drink grog and sing.
. Fal lal &c.

III

With Nancy deep in love,

I once to sea did go,

Return'd, she cry'd, "by Jove,

"I'm married, dearest Joe."

Fal lal &c. (*mimicks her.*)

Great guns ! I scarce cou'd hold,

To find that I was flung ;

But Nancy prov'd a scold,

Then I got drunk, and sung.

Fal lal &c. (*hiccups.*)

IV

At length I did comply,

And made a rib of Sue ;

What tho' she'd but one eye ?

It pierc'd my heart like two.

Fal lal &c.

And now I take my glass,

Drink England and my King,

Content with my old las,

Get groggy, dance and sing.

Fal lal &c. (*hiccups.*)

SONG.—HENRY.

(Composed by MAZZINGHI.)

TOM STARBOARD was a lover true,
 As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
 The duties ablest seamen do,
 Tom did, and never yet had fail'd:
 But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
 Within a league of England's coast;
 Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
 For all the crew but Tom was lost.

II

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with
 speed,
 True to his love, as e'er was man;
 Nought had he sav'd, nought did he
 need,
 Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan;
 But scarce five miles poor Tom had got,
 When he was press'd: he heav'd a
 sigh,
 And said, "though cruel was his lot,
 E'er flinch from duty he wou'd die."

III

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
 Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd ;
 Said, " Love for Nan, his only dear,
 Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind :"
 The war being ended, Tom return'd,
 His lost limb serv'd him for a joke ;
 For still his manly bosom burn'd,
 With love—his heart, was heart of
 Oak.

IV

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran,
 To cheer his love, his destin'd bride ;
 But false report had brought to Nan,
 Six months before, that Tom had
 died.
 With grief she daily pin'd away,
 No remedy her life cou'd save ;
 And Tom arriv'd the very day,
 They laid his Nancy in the grave !

2 M

(11)

N^o 4

SONG.—MARY.

(Composed by MAZZINGHI.)

THE poplar grove his presence grac'd,
Where William oft' wou'd blefs me ;
The smooth-bark tree, the turf he trac'd
With love knots, now distress me !
The filent lane, the busy field,
All gladsome once, seem dreary ;
No place, alas ! can pleasure yield,
E'en life's a blank to Mary !

2 M

SONG.—SIR EDWARD.

*(Composed by MAZZINGHI.)*N^o 3

LOVELY woman ! 'tis thou,
To whose virtue I bow,
Thy charms to sweet rapture give birth ;
Thine electrical soul
Lends life to the whole,
And a blank without thee were this earth

Oh ! let me thy soft pow'r,
 Every day,—every hour,
 With my heart honor, worship adore !
 Thou present, 'tis May,
 Winter when thou'rt away—
 Can a man, I wou'd ask, wish for more ?

In a dream, oft' I've seen
 Fancy's perfect-m de Queen,
 Which waking in vain have I sought ;
 But, sweet Mary, 'twas you
 Rich fancy then drew,
 Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she
 wrought ;
 Lovely woman's soft pow'r,
 Every day—every hour,
 Let my heart honor, worship, adore !
 Thou present, 'tis May,
 Winter when thou'rt away,
 Can a man, I would ask, wish for more ?

DIALOGUE DUET.—CRACK AND JOE.

(Composed by REEVE.)

CRACK. WHEN off in curricie we go,
Mind, I'm a dashing buck, friend
Joe,
My well match'd Nags, both
black and roan—

JOE. Like most buck's nags, are not
your own.

CRACK. Paid for, I vow?

JOE. Avast! prithee, how?

CRACK. In paper, at six months credit,
or nearly—

JOE. No cash?

CRACK. Oh, no—that's *mal a-propos*,
We bucks pay in paper, and that is mere-
ly,

Fal lal lal &c.

BOTH. Fal lal lal &c.

II

CRACK. When mounted I, in style to be,
Should sport behind in livery
Two footmen in fine cloaths ar-
ray'd—

JOE. For which the taylor ne'er was paid.

CRACK. We, men of ton---

JOE. Have ways of your own.

CRACK. Plead privilege to lead our tradesmen a dance, fir,
John, when they call, (*mimicking* ;
let 'em wait i'th'hail,
And two hours after send them
for answer,

Fal lal &c.

BOTH. Fal lal lal &c.

III

JOE. If this be ton, friend Crack,
d'ye see,
We're better from such lum-
ber free :
No debts for coaches we can
owe

CRACK. Because no one will trust us Joe.

JOE. Then I say still, that no man his
bill,

CRACK. To us for a carriage with justice
can bring in ;

JOE. Then mount, never mind,
CRACK. Leave old care behind,
BOTH. Or shou'd he o'ertake us, we'll
fall a singing,
Fal lal lal &c.

3 M

SONG—HENRY.

ny

(Composed by MAZZINGHI.)

CALM the winds ; the distant ocean,
Where our ships in triumph ride ;
Seems to own no other motion,
But the ebb and flow of tide.
High perch'd upon his fav'rite spray,
The Thrush attention has bespoke ;
The Ploughman plodding on his way,
To listen, stops the sturdy yoke ;
But see, the loud-tongu'd pack in view,
The peopled hills the cry resound ;
The Sportsmen joining chorus too,
And rapt'rous peals of joy go round !
Soon, soon again the scene so gay,
In distant murmurs dies away ;
Again from lazy echo's cell,
No sound is heard of mirth or woe ;
Save but the crazy tinkling bell,
The Shepherd hangs upon the Ewe.

FINALE TO THE FIRST ACT.

(Composed by MAZZINGHI.)

Nº

PEGGY.

GOOD Heaven protect me! 'twas old Nick:

SIR EDWARD.

'Tis odd' 'twas sure my gun!
Or Robert's play'd some dev'lish trick,

PEGGY.

Ah me! I am undone!
'Twas sure a warning voice that spoke,

SIR EDWARD.

A warning voice! Oh no! (*Robert steals off.*)

PEGGY.

Believe me, Sir, it was no joke;

SIR EDWARD.

One kiss before we go!

PEGGY.

Nay, cease your fooling, pray, awhile,
Your keeper's coming now;
And mother's hobbling o'er the stile,
She is, I swear and vow.

HENRY BLUNT *enters.*

SIR EDWARD.

Hey ! what the devil brought you here ?
I pray thee, man retire ;

HENRY.

I thought you told me to appear
When I shou'd hear you fire.

Enter LANDLADY with ROBERT.

LANDLADY.

Where is this plaguy maid of mine ?
A'n't you a pretty jade ?
'Tis near the hour that we shou'd dine,
And yet no dumplings made.

PEGGY.

To gather nuts for you I've been,
And cramm'd my basket tight,
(Mother examines it.)
But, Mother, I, old Nick have seen,
So dropt 'em with the fright.

ROBERT.

With fancy's tale her Mother's ear
She knows how to betray,
For staying out so long, she'll swear
The Devil stopt her way.

D

SIR EDWARD.

Come, come, let's home, with merry glee
On dinner to regale ;
And, Hostess, let our welcome be
A jug of nut-brown ale.

ALL.

Come, come, let's home, with merry glee,
On dinner to regale ;
And, Hostess, let our welcome be
A jug of nut-brown ale.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SONG—MARY.

(Composed by REEVE.)

89

E'ER sorrow taught my tears to flow,
They call'd me, "happy Mary;"
In rural cot, my humble lot,
I play'd like any Fairy.
And when the Sun with golden ray
Sunk down the western sky,
Upon the green to dance or play,
The first was happy I:
Fond as the Dove, was my true love,
Oh! he was kind to me!
And what was still my greater pride,
I thought I should be William's bride,
When he return'd from sea.

Ah! what avails remembrance now?

It lends a dart to sorrow,

My once lov'd Cot, and happy lot

But loads with grief to-morrow.

My William's buried in the deep,

And I am fore oppress'd!

Now all the day, I sit and weep;

All night, I know no rest.

I dream of waves, and Sailors' graves,

In horrid wrecks I see!

And when I hear the midnight wind,

All comfort flies my troubled mind,

For William's lost at sea.

SONG

(Composed by REEVE.)

N^o 10

WITH a merry tale

Serjeants beat the drum;

Noddles full of ale,

Village lads they hum:

Soldiers out go all,

Famous get in story;

If they chance to fall,

Dont they sleep in glory?

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when feed,
Juries to make pliant,
If they can't succeed,
Then they hum their client;
To perfection come,
Humming all the trade is,
Ladies, lovers hum,
Lovers hum the Ladies.

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Han't Britannia's Sons
Often humm'd Mounseer?
Han't they humm'd the Dons?—

Let their Fleets appear—
Strike they must tho' loth,
(Ships with Dollars cramm'd,)
If they're not humm'd both
Then will I be d——.

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

SESTETTO.

(Composed by REEVE.)

No 11

CRACK.

MARK me now, as I all my muscles dispose
E'en the twist of my chin, and the turn of
my nose,
Just so, friend, do you (*to Barber*) and as
you, so must he,
And so on to all, till it comes round to me.
Smile if you can, neighbour Dip, (*spoken*)
Is each face set like mine?

FARMER.

Ay, better by half.

CRACK.

Oh fie! pray don't joke while you're learn-
ing to laugh;
Your muscles screw up, till with mine all
agree,

Vastly well; as I'm master, boys, say after
me,

Ha! ha!

BARBER. Ha! ha!

SERVANT. Ha! ha!

CHANDLER. Ha! ha!

FARMER. Ha! ha!

JEW. Ha! ha!

CRACK. Ha! ha! ha!—(*All repeat it,
till it comes to the Jew,—then
burst into Laughter.*)—

BARBER. Ecód it was Mordecai
set me off—

ALL. Yes, yes; 'twas Mordecai

CRACK. Silence! Silence!

CRACK. Mordecai then must fine a full
quart, or we seize—

I'm your master, you know,
and can fine whom I please,—

Be serious once more, while I
teach you to laugh,

(Or drink at your cost—which
is better by half,) (*aside,*

No laughing at Mordecai re-
member, (*spoken,*

With a smile on each face

FARMER. Be sure you don't grin,
CRACK. You're right, between both's,
where a laugh shou'd begin;
Who laughs out of time, pays
a mug all agree? *(all nod.*
As nem. con. was your nod,
again say after me;
Ha! ha!

BARBER. Ha! ha!

SERVANT. Ha! ha!

CHANDLER. Ha! ha!

FARMER. Ha! ha!

JEW. Ha! ha!

CRACK. Ha! ha! ha!

*(All repeat as before and burst into
laughter.)*

SESTETTO.

(Composed by MAZZINGHI.)

No 12

1st VOICE. Gate, I say, why Gate!

2d VOICE. Gate!

3d VOICE. Gate!

4th VOICE. Gate!

PEGGY. Like bells they ring the
changes o'er,

One, two, three, four; one
two, three, four;

They can't come thro',

CRACK. Pray, hold your prate.

PEGGY. What can we do?

VOICES. Open the Gate!

CRACK. No, no; we can't; but if
you please,

You'll go round Quagmire-
lane with ease:

PEGGY. Turn by the Hawthorn, near
the Mill

CRACK. And if you stick i'th' mud,
stand still!

PEGGY. When got half way, beyond
all doubt,

CRACK. Each step you take, you're
nearer out;

1st VOICE. I'll be reveng'd—must I with
load

Be stop'd here on the King's
high road?

2d VOICE. E'en poor folk may find law
I'm told;

E

CRACK. Ay, that you may—if you'll
find gold.

Nay, should you need—you
filly elf,

For gold you'll get the dev'l
himself!

VOICES. For your advice our thanks
are due,

We must go round, we
can't get thro',

PEGGY and You must go round,—you

CRACK. can't come thro'.

FINALE.

(Composed by REEVE.)

N 13

TRAV'ERS. Love's ripen'd harvest now
we'll reap,
My fancied dream's reality;
Here Mary still the Gate shall
keep,
I mean—of Hospitality.

MARY. And for the task; the toll I ask
(Still mindful of my lot of
late)
Is from this Court—a good re-
port,
To-morrow of our “Turn-
pike Gate.”

PEGGY. We Bar-maids, like the Law-
yers find
Words at the Bar, for tolls
will flow;
Some we in *Cash* take, some
in *kind*
At all Toll-bars——“No
Trust,” you know:

ROBERT. The Doctor too:—tis nothing
new;

Will hardly ever tolls abate;
Then give us play, on this
highway,

Your leave to keep "The
Turnpike Gate."

CRACK. I'd ask the Bachelors of note,
And Spinners—are you free
of Toll?

Or you that jog the married
road?

Oh, no, you're not upon my
soul!

Then what's to charge you here!

Pay twinging Tolls;—in
every State:

Grudge not, we pray, the toll
to pay

Here rightly, at our "Turn-
pike Gate."



"Toll-bats"—would you know?

